

THE GINGERBREAD ARMY.

Upright they stood on the bakerman's tray,
These brave little gingerbread men,
Bearing their guns in a soldierly way
As they stood in their rows of ten;
Ready for battle and martial they looked,
So stiff and so straight did they stand,
Each with a little brown elbow up-crooked,
As though at the captain's command.

Into the bakerman's window one day
A little boy gazed at the show,
Feasting his eyes in a coveting way
On all the good things made of dough;
And on the gingerbread army so fine
He presently fastened his eyes,
Scanning each little brown soldier in line,
So jaunty and all of one size.

Forth from his pocket the little boy drew
Some pennies, and then in a trice
Into the baker-shop straightway he flew
To ask of the soldiers the price;
"One for a penny," the bakerman said,
"A dime for the lot, little man."
And buying the soldiers of gingerbread
Quick homeward the little boy ran.

For but an hour the little boy played
At soldier, and then he began
To nibble the sugar of which was made
The cap of a gingerbread man;
So good did it taste he nibbled away
Until the whole soldier was gone,
And then, unheeded, quite shocking to
say,

He ate the whole army save one.
The one little gingerbread soldier lay
All alone on the pantry shelf,
And tucked in his bed the rest of the day.
The little boy moaned to himself:
His stomach was sick for more than an hour.

He said he'd never do so again—
'Twas wrong for one little boy to devour
An army of gingerbread men.
—Frank B. Welch, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Fisher

By

NELLIE K. BLISSETT

A SPLASH of yellow light fell from the doorway of the cafe of S. Maurin into the still, blue darkness of the little quay, where a couple of flickering lamps only served to make the gloom more profound. The moon had not risen, and the pale radiance of the stars showed the long, slow swell of an oily sea. Against the wall of the quay lay a tiny sailing yacht. Further out, midway between the horns of the harbor, a fishing-boat with wide-spread sails that seemed hardly to catch the faint evening air drifted like a shadow through the night.

In the cafe half a dozen men, fishers of this little port, lounged idly over their glasses. Old Antoine, the innkeeper, dressed as usual in his corner chair. Jean Modeste, his grandson, sat with a torn net across his knee and his black head bent. The rest slipped their coarse wine, and talked to each other spasmodically of the weather or the prospects of a good catch.

Suddenly Jean Modeste, looking up from the tear in the net, made with his free hand the sign of the Cross. The others looked at him with curious, half-frightened eyes. He was staring through the open doorway at the sea. There was an instant of heavy silence. The glasses ceased to clink, and only old Antoine snored softly in his corner.

Jean Modeste's eyes fell again to his net.

"The Fisher!" he said, in a low tone of explanation.

Everyone, except the sleeping innkeeper, turned at once to the door. Between the horns of the bay the one wide sail was drifting lazily nearer. Again there was silence in the cafe, an odd, unwholesome stillness, heavy with ill-omen and expectation of evil to come.

Presently big Jules Bontemps took a draught of his wine and set the glass down noisily on the table at which he sat.

"For my part," he said, "I don't believe in this Fisher—there! Every say you see near S. Maurin, it's the same thing with you all—the Fisher! I'm a stranger—I thank the good God there's no Fisher in this port of Nice—no! Now, will any of you tell me, my friends, who this Fisher of yours is, and what he seeks?"

The question was addressed generally to the whole company present, but no body answered. Instead, they all looked at Jean Modeste as he bent over his net.

"Who he is—" he spoke, meditatively. "Ah, for that—no one can tell you. What he seeks—that's another matter. They do say—"

He broke off, and glanced again through the open door. The black sail was drifting very slowly towards the land.

"Well, what do they say?" Bontemps asked, impatiently.

The young man turned again to his net.

"They say," he answered, in the same low, unwilling tone, "that he fishes for the souls of men."

Bontemps stared for a second. Then he flung back his rough black head with a great laugh.

"The souls of men! Ah, my faith, that's good! Are you Christians, then, in this harbor of S. Maurin?"

"As good as any in the port of Nice," Jean Modeste replied, with a touch of heat.

Bontemps laughed again.

"No offense, my friend. But come, it's absurd, you know. It's moonshine—that's what it is. This Fisher of yours—"

Jean Modeste cut through his speech and lifted a finger from his net to point through the door.

"There," he said, "is the Fisher! Laugh—if you please."

Bontemps was silent. The shadowy sail had drifted very near. Again stillness fell upon the little group, broken only by the old man's heavy breathing.

"Laugh—if you please!" Jean Modeste said again. "None of us here will laugh with you. What if we cannot tell you who the Fisher is? We know his work well enough. Did he not follow my brother's boat, the Marie Blanche, the

last voyage ever she took? Never a man came back to tell the tale—but the Fisher sailed behind them out of S. Maurin bay. That I saw—with these eyes—yes!"

Bontemps did not answer. A kind of breathlessness had fallen upon the rest. Jean Modeste shifted the net across his knee and spoke once more.

"You ask what the Fisher seeks," he said. "Well—in the port of Nice he may have other business for what I know. But here, when he sails in the bay, he seeks a man's soul."

Again there was silence. Through the doorway they could see the black shadow of the sail almost touching the quay. The strange fishing-boat was very near. The tall mast seemed to touch the stars, the sails were like the wings of an immense bat stretched between them and the luminous blue of the clear night sky.

In the cafe no one moved or breathed. Jean Modeste's hands lay idle on his net. Bontemps sat motionless, with his fingers stretched out to take up his unfinished glass of wine. For some reason he did not take it. His eyes, too, were fixed upon the shadowy sail hanging above the quay.

Then, silently as it had come, the boat heeled over, and tacked seaward. A light wind caught the huge sail, and swept it before it out into the bay. The still, dark, floating thing became in a moment alive, buoyant, incredibly light and swift, a white flicker of foam torn at her bows as she headed for the sea.

The men in the cafe watched with a deep, unacknowledged sense of relief. Still, for awhile no one spoke. The little grimy, ill-smelling place was extraordinarily silent; it seemed as though something within its walls had ceased—it held the emptiness of a room in which a piece of machinery had just run down.

Bontemps was the first to speak. "Well—there," he said, drawing a quick breath, "your Fisher's gone. He knows how to sail his ship—I'll say that for him, whoever he is. But what did he seek, eh? What fish was he after, your Fisher of souls?"

No one answered, and Bontemps chuckled a little, quietly. Jean Modeste gathered his net upon his arm, and rose to all his height as he turned from the open door.

Then suddenly he stood rigid, and the nets slipped and fell at his feet in a brown tangle. The others, nervous with the reaction after the tension of that moment when the shadow of the black sail lay across the quay, followed the direction of his startled look. There was a quick movement of horror, of surprise, and with the shuffling of rough sea-boots upon the bare floor the lean, blue-shirted seamen rose to their feet.

For old Antoine's gray head had fallen forward on his breast—his hoarse breathing was still. He sat dead in his corner chair, with his untended wine beside him!

Without, in the clear blue night, a dark-sailed boat went racing to the sea. The Fisher had not fished in vain!—Black and White.

GUARDING THE PRESIDENT.

Secret Service Men Had Their Hands Full on His Recent Tour of the States.

The four secret service men who formed President Roosevelt's personal guard on his recent trip through the west had a strenuous time of it on the road, says a Washington letter in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. They received no end of knocks, bruises and scratches in performing their duty of protecting the president against the crushing mobs, in keeping enthusiastic but reckless admirers at a proper distance and knocking out obstreperous individuals who refused to heed warnings to keep back.

The members of the president's guard had no less than 30 hand-to-hand encounters with unruly mobs, and it became necessary for them to deliver knockout blows to about 15 or 20 different persons. They are old hands at the business, and when the president's safety demanded it they thought no more of putting an aggressive and suspicious-looking character to sleep than Jeffries does of knocking out an ambitious boxer.

The men are the pick of the secret service, and each is a splendid athlete and a superb boxer. They always accompany the president on trips out of Washington, and know their business thoroughly.

At many of the cities visited by the president on the recent trip the local arrangements for keeping the crowd in check and providing for the comfort of the visitors was very poor. In certain instances there were practically no regulations for maintaining order whatever. When this condition was met the secret-service men had their work cut out for them. It was their custom to form a cordon about the president as best they could with their limited numbers, locking arms with each other when necessary.

The secret-service men had their faces scratched and bruised repeatedly by the flying arms of persons reaching out to shake the president's hands. Many of those anxious to catch a glimpse of the president did not understand by what authority the four men in citizens' clothing acted, and invariably wanted to argue the matter. The secret-service men had no time for conversation. When a husky stranger resisted being kept back he is promptly "slugged." It was vital for the guards to drop their man at a single blow, so that every time a fist was drawn back it was aimed with a purpose of putting the victim out of business. The instant the unruly one was hit the guard moved on, so that it frequently happened that people two feet distant never knew what had happened.

The different worlds of the solar family are at different stages of their evolution. If the moon is a wail of the past, Jupiter is a world of the future.

RUINED THE ECHO.

The College Students Had Been Practicing Their Yell and Had Torn Up the Ground.

"What has become of the splendid echo we could hear from yonder bluff last season?" asked the returned guest of the summer hotel landlord, relates Judge.

"Well, I'll tell you. After you left last fall there was a bunch of these here college students come, an' one night they got full of love for Almy Mater, or some other woman, so they said, an' was likewise full of something else, an' they got out here in front of the hotel, an' all at once an' all together, they cut loose with the damndest thing about 'Rah, rah, rah' an' a whole lot more to the same effect, an' that there echo just naturally must a' give up the ghost an' quit, for the next morning one of the hired men was over there on the bluff, an' he said the ground was torn up for a space of 50 feet square, an' there seemed to have been a terrible struggle. At any rate, we ain't seen nor heard nothin' of the echo since."

A Good Story.

Frederika, Ia., July 13th.—Mr. A. S. Grover, of this place, tells an interesting story showing how sick people may regain their health if they will only be guided by the experience of others. He says:

"I had a very bad case of Kidney Trouble, which affected my urinary organs so that I had to get up every hour of the night. I could not retain my urine and my feet and limbs began to bloat up. My weight was quickly running down."

"After I had tried many things in vain, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a medicine which had cured other very bad cases. His remedy has done wonders for me. I have gained eight pounds in two months. The bloat has all gone from my feet and legs, and I don't have to get up at night. I took in all about ten boxes before I was all sound."

"Those who suffer as did Mr. Grover can make no mistake in taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a sure, safe and permanent cure for all Kidney and urinary disorders."

Charitable Sex.

"Do you think my latest photo does me justice?" asked the girl who was beginning to forget her birthday anniversaries. "Justice is not the proper word, dear," replied her girl friend. "It is really and truly merciful to you."—Chicago Daily News.

Supreme Court Sustains the Foot-Ease Trade-Mark.

Buffalo, N. Y., Justice Laughlin, in Supreme Court, has granted a permanent injunction, with costs, against Paul B. Hudson and others, of New York City, restraining them from making or selling a foot powder which the court declares is an imitation and infringement on "Foot-Ease," now so largely advertised and sold over the country. The owner of the trade-mark, "Foot-Ease," is Allen S. Olmsted, of Le Roy, N. Y., and the decision in this suit upholds his trade-mark and renders all parties liable who fraudulently attempt to profit by the extensive "Foot-Ease" advertising. Similar suits will be brought against others who are infringing on the Foot-Ease trade-mark rights.

Where His Art Was Needed. Mesmerist's Wife—Carlos! Mesmerist—Well, dear? "I wish you would come here and tell baby he is asleep."—London Answers.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The scientists have discovered that laziness is a disease, but they will never find out how lazy people are induced to take anything for it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Mrs. Newbrooks—"Why, those are genuine antiques." Mr. Newbrooks—"Are they? They look to me like second-hand stuff." Kansas City World.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Gilded youth is quickly tarnished by adversity.—Chicago Daily News.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured. Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. He that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.—Hindoo Proverb.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, July 15.			
CATTLE—Common	3 00	@	4 00
Bulcher steers		@	4 75
CALVES—Extra		@	6 50
HOGS—Ch. packers	5 30	@	5 35
Mixed packers	5 20	@	5 30
SHEEP—Extra	3 65	@	3 75
LAMBS—Extra	5 40	@	5 55
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 35	@	4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	78 1/2
No. 3 winter		@	76
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	50 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	40 1/2
RYE—No. 2		@	57 1/2
HAY—Ch. timothy		@	17 50
PORK—Clear family.		@	16 70
LARD—Steam		@	7 25
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@	12
Choice creamery		@	22
APPLES—Fancy	3 00	@	3 25
POTATOES—New	2 25	@	2 50
TBACCO—New	3 50	@	9 00
Old	5 50	@	13 00
Chicago.			
FLOUR—Winter pat.	3 75	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76	@	77 1/2
No. 3 spring	76	@	78
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	50 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	36 1/2
RYE—No. 2	49 1/2	@	53
PORK—Mess	14 00	@	14 75
LARD—Steam	8 50	@	8 52 1/2
New York.			
FLOUR—Win. str's	3 75	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	84 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	57
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	41	@	41 1/2
RYE—Western		@	60
PORK—Family	17 50	@	18 00
LARD—Steam		@	8 05
Baltimore.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	78 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	56 1/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	39 1/4
CATTLE—Butchers	4 00	@	5 00
HOGS—Western		@	6 90
Louisville.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	82
CORN—No. 3 mixed.		@	55
OATS—No. 3 mixed.		@	40
PORK—Mess		@	16 00
LARD—Steam		@	8 00
Indianapolis.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	77
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	50 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	39 1/4

SUFFERING WOMEN



Mrs. EMMA MITCHELL.

Tired, Nervous, Aching, Trembling, Sleepless, Bloodless—Pe-ru-na Renovates, Regulates, Restores—Many Prominent Women Endorse Pe-ru-na.

AMERICA is the land of nervous women.

The great majority of nervous women are so because they are suffering from some form of female disease.

Mrs. Emma Mitchell, 520 Louisiana street, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "Peruna has certainly been a blessing in disguise to me, for when I first began taking it for troubles peculiar to the sex, and a generally worn out system, I had little faith.

"For the past five years I have rarely been without pain, but Peruna has changed all this, and in a very short time. I think I had only taken two bottles before I began to recuperate very quickly, and seven bottles made me well. I do not have headache or backache any more, and have some interest in life. I give all credit where it is due, and that is to Peruna."—Emma Mitchell.

By far the greatest number of female troubles are caused directly by catarrh. They are catarrh of the organ which is affected. These women despair of recovery. Female trouble is so common.

Striking Coincidence.

"I don't suppose he meant anything unkind," said the young woman, "but it was a very startling coincidence."

"Just before Harold and I got married, his friends persuaded him to join a 'don't worry club.'—London Tit-Bits.

The Adirondack Mountains.

The lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains are full of fish; the woods are inviting, the air is filled with health, and the nights are cool and restful. If you visit this region once, you will go there again. An answer to almost any question in regard to the Adirondacks will be found in No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series," "The Adirondacks and How to Reach Them," sent free on receipt of a 2-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

"Her First Run"

is the title of a little booklet issued by the Chicago & Alton Railway. It is reprinted from the Chicago Record-Herald, and tells of the running of the Alton Limited 100 miles, by a young lady. The story is attractively told, and is illustrated. Copies may be obtained by sending four cents in stamps to Geo. J. Charlton, P. O. A., Chicago.

Uncle Allen's Idea.

"I know," said Uncle Allen Sparks, wincing as he felt another twinge, "they say 'better late than never,' but in the case of rheumatism, by George, that doesn't apply!"—Chicago Tribune.

Asheville and Return.

One fare for the round trip, plus 25c, July 22 to 27, via Queen & Crescent Route. Ask Ticket Agent for particulars.

Beauty is not a gift, it is a loan that is taken back by its possessor, in spite of all protestations and struggles, gradually but surely.—Town Topics.

Three trains a day Chicago to California, Oregon and Washington. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

What's the use of having trouble, when there are so many people anxious to borrow it?—N. Y. Telegraph.

Three solid through trains daily Chicago to California, Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

"If you refuse me, I shall commit suicide." "Well, pa says you can't hang around here."—N. Y. Sun.

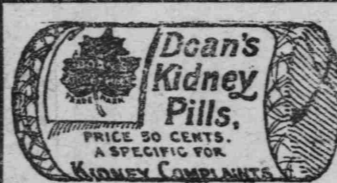
The Four Track News for July, best yet. Sold by newsdealers. Five cents a copy.

One secret of success is to keep your own secrets.—Chicago Daily News.

NERVE WORN KIDNEYS.

Doan's Kidney Pills make freedom from kidney trouble possible. They carry a kind of medication to the kidneys that brings a bright ray of hope to desperate cases. Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.—Mrs. L. W. Ammunen writes: "A few weeks ago I sent for a trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills for myself, and they did all they are said to do. My husband was kicked last fall



NAME _____

P. O. _____

STATE _____

For free trial box, mail this coupon to

Doan's Kidney Pills, P. O. Box 263, Lock Haven, Pa.

If above space is insufficient, write address on separate slip.

so prevalent, that they accept it as almost inevitable. The greatest obstacle in the way of recovery is that they do not understand that it is catarrh which is the source of their illness. In female complaint, ninety-nine cases out of one hundred are nothing but catarrh. Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Chronic invalids who have languished for years on sick beds with some form of female disease begin to improve at once after beginning Dr. Hartman's treatment.

Among the many prominent women who recommend Peruna are: Belva Lockwood, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. C. Hamilton, of Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. E. E. Warren, wife of U. S. Senator Warren, of Wyoming.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE: MUST BEAR SIGNATURE OF Wm. Wood.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WESTERN CANADA HAS FREE HOMES FOR MILLIONS.

Wonderful yields of wheat and other grains. The best grazing lands on the continent. Magnificent climate, plenty of water and fuel, good schools, excellent churches, splendid railway facilities. HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE, the only charge being \$10 for entry.

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